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From King's Chapel. BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

ightly we glance the fresh-cut marbles o'er Those two of earliest date our eyes enthrail: The proud old Briton's, by the western door, And hers, the Ludy of Colonial days. Whose virtues live in long-drawn classic The fair Francisca of the southern wall.

Ay! those were goodly men that Reynolds drew.
And stately dames our Copley's canvas holds.
To their old Church, their Royal Master, true,
Proud of the claim their valiant sires had earned,
That "gentle blood," not slightly to be spurned,
Save by the churl ungenerous Nature molds.

All vanished! It were idle to complain That ere the fruits shall come the flower Yet somewhat we have lost smidst our gain-Some rare ideals time may not restore,
The charm of courtly breeding, seen no more,
And reverence, dearest ornament of all, -Thus musing, to the western wall I came, Departing: lo! a tablet fresh and fair, Where glistened many a youth's remember

name In golden letters on the snow-white stone,— Young lives these aisles and arches once baye known, Their country's bleeding altar might not Phere died that we might claim a soil un-

stained,
Save by the blood of heroes; their bequests
A resim unsevered and a race unchained.
Has purer blood through Norman veius come
down From the rough knights that clutched the Saxon's crown
Than warmed the pulses of these faithful breasts?

to pity the beautiful young creature, and I could not believe her to be the criminal, unless some dreadful disgrace

These, too, shall live in history's deathless page,
High on the slow-wrought pedestals of fame,
Ranged with the heroes of remoter age:
They could not die who left their nation free,
Firm as the rock, unfettered as the sea,
Its heaven unshadowed by the cloud of

WHY SHE KILLED HIM.

A Story of Italy.

Traveling through Italy, a party of us stopped one misty summer day at the little town of Pistoja. Next morning a storm kept us in doors. As I stood at the window, watching the torrents of rain, I saw a stream of people hurrying in one direction, despite the bad

"Where are all those people going?" asked the landlord. "Giulia Saviera is to be tried and sentenced to-day. "Who is she?"

"A young wife who murdered her "How dreadful! Do you think she i really guilty?"
"Yes, without doubt she is." "Why did she do it?"

"That is a mystery; but it is hoped that to-day she will confess her rea-"Is it far from here to the courtroom? "No-the next corner. It might interest you to go.'

As the weather would not allow us to visit points from which we expected views, we resolved to attend the When we entered the court-room it was crowded with noisy, gesticulating people, who became suddenly quiet upon seeing strangers. They readily

made room for us, so that we got seats close to the bar, judge, witnesses, and court officials. Before we were scated the hubbub recommenced. But as soon as a door at the left opened it was so still that one could believe that all present held their breath. A moment later the accused was led in by one of the officials. Her nun-like beauty of her face and figure. She was

garb did not hide the extraordinary evidently very young—as we afterward learned, just fifteen years old. Her face was pale, her profile noble, and her cheeks had still a childish contour; but the full lips were firmly compress-ed. Her chief beauty was her abundant, curling hair, of the bronze red which is still occasionally found in certain parts of Italy. She was of medium size, but very slightly built. From our seats we could hear and see

all the details of the examination. While the judge asked the preliminary ques-tions her glance was fixed on the floor, her pale countenance bore a calm, de-termined expression, but no sign of obstinacy or malice. In happy days she must have been lovely, for her features were soft and mild. She gave low but unhesitating answers to all his ques-

The complaint against her was as follows: Giulia, daughter of Matteo, deceased, had married six mouths previously a young shepherd named Giovan ni Saviera. They had lived happily together, no one had known of any disagreement, when one day Saviera was ound in bed murdered. His throat had been cut with a great knife which lay on the ground near the bed. Giulia was found with bloody hands and clothes. She made no resistance when hey arrested her, but at the first examinstion maintained an obstinate silence To-day different witnesses would be called, and they hoped to find an expla-

nation of the awful deed. The mother of the accused appeared s the first witness. She made her tatement amid tears and sobs. At the irst sound of her voice a shudder ran hrough Giulia's slight form; she lifted ner eyes but dropped them at once, and was again cold and silent. "Oh! what shall I say concerning my

infortunate child!" lamented the mother. "You, my lord, know, and all those assembled here, you who have seen her grow up, played with her, and danced at her wedding-all know that she always lived in peace with us. Yes, she was the happiness of our life, our sunshine. Giovanni Saviera was her only love-she had long loved him, and the day that saw her in her bridal dress she called the happiest in her life. I have never heard them exchange unkind words. Giulia was always mild and good, although Giovanni some times showed unlimited greed and avarice. Oh, my lord judge, I cannot be-lieve that she has done such an awful deed. Men may disagree and one stab

the other, but no young wife commits such a crime. Giulia, my child, say that you did not do it." But Giulia remained immovable, with downcast eyes. Several witnesses were heard; all agreed that the young couple had lived happily together. But why, then, had she perpetrated this horrible

Giovanni's brother testified further: Two nights before Giovanni was found murdered in bed I went home with him from the pasture. I had been up on the mountain for more than a week with my herd. Among other news of the village, Giovanni told me of two Englishmen who were passing some days here. He intended, so he told me, to transact some business with one of them, but what sort of business he kept secret. When we reached the village Giulia came to meet us, and greeted us gayly and cordially. She took a bundle of wood from Giovanni's shoulder, and said, laughingly, that it belonged to her to share his burdens. She was entirely herself, prattling as usual. She had no evil thoughts then, I will swear had no evil thoughts then, I will swear to that. On the contrary, there was something constrained and stiff in Giovanni's bearing toward her. Next day I asked my brother how his business with the Englishman went. His face darkened, he muttered curses, and answered that the Englishman had

Persistence of Forms of Disease. A disease remains the same in essence no matter whom it attacks or what its severity be in the individual case. Each contagious disease breeds only its own kind and no other. When we experiment with an isolated disease-produc ing germ. it causes always one and the same affection, if it takes floor. Horrified, I hurried to seek at all.

her clothes, but as I discovered blood on her hands, I was frightened, and hastened to have her arrested. I have nothing more to tell, but I will swear that Giulia is the murderer of my unfortunate brother." His testimony did not seem to make the least impression upon Giulia, for she preserved her marble quiet, a repose in fearful contrast to her soft childsh features. Her brown hands, which were clasped, appeared so dainty and small that I could not imagine how she could wield a murderous weapon. Still other witnesses testified. Bloody elothing was recognized as belonging to Giulia, and the knife with which murder was committed, as Giovanni's property. There could be no more doubt. Giulia had killed her husband. I could have sworn to that. But why had she done it? It was impossible not to pity the beautiful young creature,

criminal, unless some dreadful disgrace had befallen her. The judge now turned to the accused: "Giulia, Saviera's wife, before the sentence is pronounced you have the right to excuse yourself, or, through a frank and sincere confession, mitigate "Nothing," came clearly and tinetly from the proud lips.

the whole day, and Giovanni said she had driven the herd, for they used to

change places to relieve each other.

Next morning when I went, as I had

promised, to ask him to go with me, I found him yet in bed. When I called

he did not answer, and on going nearer

I found him dead, with a gaping wound

in his neck and a bloody knife on the

Giulia, and found her busy changing

"Do you acknowledge yourself guilty of this murder?" "Do you feel no remorse over your

shocking act?"
For the first time she raised be glance, and showed two eyes in which consuming fire burned. "No."

"Do you not wish the deed undone? that you had your husband alive again? and that you were not guilty of his "No! If he still lived I would do the same thing again." She said this in a passionate tone, quite unlike her for-

mer quiet. She was terrible, but unspeakably beautiful to look upon. Will you tell us what provocation you had for the murder, and why you did it? Perhaps Giovanni tormented you with his jaalousy." "Giovanni jealous!" and, shaking her

head, she laughed bitterly. "Have you nothing to say that can often your sentence?" "I do not wish any mitigation." "Will you not say when the thearth! of murder first came to you?"

"Only two days ago." "And until that time you loved Glo vanni?" A flaming red spread over her face. and it seemed to me that tears shimmered in her eyes. She is not so hard, I told myself: but a moment later she

was icy cold. "The sentence can be passed some days hence," the judge continued. "Father Rinaldo shall talk with you perhaps he can move you to greater candor, and bring something to light which may mitigate the decree." "I have said all I have to say," was

the cold answer. The judge sighed, and sorrowfully shook his gray head. "Lead the prisoner back to her cell, he said to an official. "She has ac knowledged her guilt, the last hearing has taken place, the sentence can be passed."

As Giulia moved toward the door with more the bearing of a queen than a criminal, her despairing mother rushed to her, threw herself at her feet, and embracing her knees, cried: "O, Giulia, Giulia, my only child, my sunshine, say but one word of consolation before you go; say that you repent, and heaven will pardon your terrible act. Only tell something which can be an excuse for you, which can essen your guilt and my trouble, and I will press you to my heart, for you are still my beloved child. You must have been crazy, beside yourself-you did not know what you did! Oh, when you were still small and rested in my arms; when you, a rosy girl, went with me to my work; when you stood a radiant bride—how could I then foresee what I should live to see you? But whatever you have done, I will pray for you. Oh f you would only ease my anguish and

show us that you are not so hard and cruel. Tell as, Giulia, tell us, why did During the mother's entreaties Ginlis softened, her bosom heaved, her eyelids rose and sank again, and her lips trem bled. She dress her mother close to her, clasped her arms around her neck and whispered the words that we alone could hear:

"Mother, he sold me!" Then she fell swooning to the floor .-

Beautiful Lake George. Lake George is, indeed, very beauti The lover of natural subtenit will be amply rewarded for the expeliof a voyage over its deep, blue breast. It is the largest of the Adirondack lakes. It is 247 feet higher than Lake Champlain, into which its waters flow Springs at its base are supposed to feed it, and many a little mountain brook pays to it generous and constant trib-The waters are found very purand transparent. Scattered on its calm bosom sleep more than two hundred little islands. Two of the first forts erected in the new world were built at its northern and southern extremes. Their ruins still interest the studen and tourist. Engrinding its quie shores are the localities where the In dians butchered their captives, and where the French and English struggler for permanent conquest and possess Like a vast mirror of silver, framed i a rim of green mountains and laws,

the adjacent high lands. - Albany Hve-

The Oldest Bank Notes. The oldest bank notes are the "flying money," or "convenient money," first issued in China, 2697 B. C. Originally these notes were issued by the Treasury, but experience dictated a change to the banks under government inspection and backs" were in all essentials similiar to

But evidence is beginning to accumulate that, though we cannot change one species into another, we can modify the power and activity, in short the viru-lence in parasites. Pasteur has shown that when the bacteria of chicken cholera are kept in an open vessel, exposed to the air for many months, their power to struggle with the animal cells is gradually enfeebled. Taken at any stage during their decline of virulence, and placed in a fresh soil in which they can grow, be it in the body of an animal or outside, they multiply as before. But the new breed has only the modified virulence of its parents and transmits the same to its progeny. Though the form of the parasite has been unaltered its physiological activity has been modified; it produces no longer the fatal form of chicken cholera, but only a light attack from which the animal recovers By further enfeeblement of the parasit the disease it gives to its host can be reduced in severity to almost any extent. These mild attacks, however, project the animal from repetitions. By essing through the modified disease, the chicken obtains immunity from the fatal form. In the words of Pasteur, the parasite can be transformed into a "vac cine virus," by cultivation under conditions which enfeeble its power. The

vaccinating, some day, against all diseases in which one attack grants immunity against another. Pasteur has succeeded in the same way in another disease of much greater importance, namely, splenic fever. The parasite of this affection has also been modified by him, by special modes of cultivation, se as to produce a mild attack, protecting against the graver form of the disease. Pasteur's own accounts of his results in vaccinating against anthrax, the stock on French farms, are dazzling, but a repetition of his experiments in other countries, by his own assistants, has been less conclusive. In Hungary, the immunity obtained by vaccination was not absolute, while the protective vaccination itself destroyed some fourteen per cent, of the herds.

Xet, though much of the enthusiasm generated by Pasteu's researches may rocced further than the facts warrant e has at least opened a new path which promises to lead to results of the highest importance to mankind .- From the Germ Theory of Disease," in Popular Science Monthly.

In the Florida Woods. turned to camp his face radiant pleasure and self-satisfaction.

"Tom," said he, "I have cancht for you some black, some vellow, and some brown lizards. Then he carefully opened an elgar-box in which he usuali earried his paints, and, as he peeped inside, his eyes opened and his whole face exessed the utmost astonishment.

What is the matter?" asked Tom. 'Have they escaped?''
"Escaped!" No," said he. either I am bewitched, or some woodnymph has played a trick upon me; for ere is a box full of pea-green lizards! ·Carotina anolis!

"Who's she? The wood-nymph? Do you know her?" asked Harry, as he shut the box, with a snap. "Well, what I want to know is, how Carrie what's-her-name painted all my specimens bright-green, for I am willing to that nothing green touched that box." "Except yourself," laughed Tom. You have been catching what are commonly known as Florida chame-

leons, and they have changed color in the box.' From the mysterious depths of his pockets Tom produced a magnifyingglass. Then, thrusting his hands into the cigar-box, he pulled out one of the squirming reptiles, and, holding it in his fingers, handed Harry the glass, saying: "Look and see how old Dame Nature has adapted the feet of these little ras-

cals tor climbing."

Harry looked and saw that the under side of each toe was a cushion, the surface of which was pleated like an oldfashioned shirt-front -the pleats on the hinder part having their edges turned toward the end of the toe, and the pleats on the forward part having their edges turned toward the heel thus dividing the cushion in the middle just as the band for the studs divided the shirt-front. And upon looking further, Harry discovered that the edges of the pleats were armed with rows of needle-

the little rascal cons up a wall, the soft pads upon his toes fit and fill any little nneven place beneath them, acting like the leather suckers we used to make: pointing downward are brought to bear upon the surface of the wall. But," he continued, "should Mr. Bright Eyes their part just as well and are aided their part just as well and are aided their part just as well and are aided them, as they often do? The tendency them, as they often do? dropped the box from under his arm. The inmates immediately took advanture of the opportunity to scatter in every direction; seeing which, Harry social life this will produce eventually, grabbed at one and caught it by the and how utterly it will vitiate all the Tom from his fit of laughter; but when rifice that are called up in every we-field n tailless chameleon duried under a life. The truth is that true affection tail which he held in his hand for a the relations involved in every useful and writhing, on the grot that the box had contained imps instead placid surface falls the dark shadows of of reptiles. Tom, however, explained that it was quite an ordinary occurence for this curious animal to part with its Florida," in St. Nicholas.

Snake-Bitten by a Bird-A few days ago a boy gave a profescontrol. A writer in a provincial paper sor's son a young bird he had caught. says that the early Chinese "green- It was taken home and left, to be taken care of. A little sister of the boy the modern bank notes, bearing the found the bird, played with it until name of the bank, date of issue, the tired, and then put it in her father's number of the note, the signature of the boot for safe-keeping. The professor, official issuing it, indications of its wishing to go down town, went to put value in figures, in works and in the on his boot and got his foot nearly pictorial representation in coins or home, when the bird began to flutter

Judge Lynch. You may have seen a street riot.

away like curs. encourage, but they keep their own to sell on my next trip. I will get \$3 bodies in the back ground. They want or \$4 for them there, while up here they to see someone hurt, but they know the law will triumph, and they want to be able to prove that they were simply lookers-on. One brave man will walk into a mob and defy and over-awe it.

A brutal outrage has been commit-ted. It is an affair that stirs, the blood of sons and brothers and brings a danand there, and they speak with fierce earnestness, but in low voices. No mob surges up and down-no wild yells they find them?" rend the air-no cowards furnish drink to excite young men to foolish deeds.

them, but there is a feeling that legal punishment does not always punish suf- from the seacoast." "Lynch him!"

The knots of men swell into groups lay and batch three or four. The busi-The leader takes his place, and instinctively the crowd realize that he is the proper person. Speeches and orations are not in order -ropes are! See now! Teeth shut tighter as the

pale faces-which tell you what danger be scattered. It will fall to pieces of itself. A silent body of men will take your life if every man has to peril his

It is the jail. Key or no key, the prisoner must come out. The crowd would have him if a score of grated doors had to be battered down. He does not plead for mercy. One look around him tells him that his life is hungered for with such intensity that prayers would be mockery. He may look up A few days after, our special artist at the harvest moon and the star-stud-Harry went out for a tramp, and re- ded heavens, but he sees nothing. He

> No voice commands, but here is the tree. The whirlpool stands still for a moment. Faces grow a little whiter. but the eyes of every man show a dogged determination that would blaze into desperation if opposed. The noose is rapidly adjusted, there is a falling back, and with a groun of terror and despair trembling in his lips the guilty wretch swings in the air. The creak of the limb-the calls of a night bird-the deep breathing of men-are plainly heard as the body swings to and fro or turns round and round as the death struggle goes on.

It is morning. Merchants are behind their counters, mechanics at the bench, sons at school. There is no sign that last night was not one of tranquillity and peace. Men speak again, women and children laugh as they walk abroad the cyclone has passed. The jail doors are being repaired—the tree no longer holds a corpse, and a stranger would look upon this face and that and whisper to himself: "What good-nature I see in every line of their countenances! They are obedient to law and

enforce the best of order." Riots are the work of demagogues and boasters. Mobs are created by cowards. When men turn out with shut teeth and whispered voices to take the law into their own hands, Judge Lynch has opened court and sentenced a man to die. - Detroit Free Press.

Let the Young Folks Marry.

The pretty story that is going the rounds from Washington of the way young Mr. Magruder Hugh and young Miss Minnie O'Dowd outwitted the elder Mr. Hugh and the elder O'Dowd, got their nuptial knot all tied in secret, and came back for their parents' bless pendent on each other as they thought while, at the same time, the little spines up a child, and away he will go; and especially she. In this instance they both is, ought not parents to encourage carly of modern society is away from early marriages, especially love marriages. The merest children are talking of marrying for money later on. Thoughtful people have no doubt as to the sort of ail. His sudden cry of horror startled little sacrednesses of duty and self-sacstick at his feet, and he saw Harry gaz- involving the sense of duty is the only ing with consternation on a squirming force that will stand by human beings in noment, and then dropped, twisting existence. Young people will fall in ometaing about its being his belief extent than philosophers dream. They can't be." will assert themselves, and it seems that parents would be far better employed watching any genuine affections that arise and in encouraging the same candal appendage, when, by that toward actual early marriage, aiding means, escape from captivity was pos- the young folks financially and every sible .- From Tom, Dick and Harry, in way, rather than in checking only the best of their impulses. It is possible, too, that young folks whose parents are

A Sad Case.

poor would often do better were they to

marry young, and by mutual fidelity

help each other, than in sowing wild

oats for future harvests of crime. It is

an appeal to parents for a more sensi-

ble and generous polity toward their

children, and an appeal to the young

for a return to the heroism of sound

Mocking Birds. "I have been buying and selling birds for the last ten years," said a dealer to That is simply the outer circles of a for the last ten years, said a dealer to whirlpool. A shower of brick-bats—a a Louisville Courier-Journal reporter. surge up and down—a dozen broken heads—a erv of "police" and your heads—a cry of "police!" and your dealers there, and bring them up here crowd scatters like sheep, and slinks and to other northern cities. I only buy mocking birds, as good canaries are A mob sets out to resist the authori- worth more there than they are here. ties. Nine out of every ten men in it are cowards. They boast and brag and my birds for, and am taking them back

are worth only about half as much.' "How much do the others cost you?" "The 'mockers' cost me 50 cents apiece in New Orleans when I buy from the bird merchants. They are creoles why buy them from the boys who make a business of catching the young ones before they leave the nest. When I buy from these boys I only have to pay 10 gerous light to the eyes of husbands or 15 cents apiece, but it is not often I and fathers. There is no boasting or have the chance, as I don't stay long shouting. Knots of men gather here and must get up a lot as soon as pos-

"Who catches the birds and where do "The boys, black and white, who live out on the plantations and the coast. They make a regular business of this It is not shouted, but spoken in whis-pers or read in each other's eyes. Every them to the city and sell them to the man has obeyed the laws every man street bird merchants. It is against would peril his life in aiding to enforce the law now to take them from the plantations, and most of them come

"Where do the old ones build their nests?" When men who never partake of a "Everywhere, almost, but generally meal without bowing the head in in wild rose bushes, old fences, and low prayer whisper those words, look out! trees. They are not very particular The heart burns and thrills. For the about their nests, and make 'em out of time being law is nothing. Fathers a few sticks, which they lay up together splendid view is thus opened to us, of whisper it to sons, brothers to each and fix them so they will just hold the other, merchants to mechanics. Lips | eggs. They lay four or five, and every tighten and grow pale, teeth shut one hatches. When left to themselves close, eyes flash as you never saw them they raise only two broods, but when they are taken out by the catchers they

> "Where did you get your parrots?" "I bought them of the New Orleans dealers, too. They get them off boats erowd moves. Not a man would turn which are sent out to catch 'em on the back from a loaded cannon. It moves | islands and on the coast. They are not ahead, but in swirls and hisses and gur- real parrots, and can't talk, but they gles like a river vexed by rocks. It is sell well, as lots of people want them, the whispers—the quick answers—the They cost \$2 or \$3 down there, and here

we get \$g or \$8, dependin' mostly on "Where do you sell your stocks?" "Oh, most everywhere. I bring 'em here, and take 'em to lots of northern cities. People in northern towns pay the best prices, but they like canaries

botter than mockers.' "What sort of people buy the most?" "Working people. Since I have been here I have sold only two or three to rich customers." Here a contemptuous expression passed over the dealer's

The Penny Kite.

"The penny kite," said a dealer, "is a simple affair, but those unfamiliar with the business think it a marvel of cheapness. They are all alike in size and shape, but differ in color. The kite consists of a piece of paper and three slender sticks. The piece of paper is from one-eighth to one-sixth of a full sheet, and a ream of which will weigh forty pounds. The paper costs 7 cents a pound, so the piece for a kite costs about 1-16th of a cent. A foot of pine will make sticks for sixty kites. At the market rate for lumber they will cost about as much as the paper, or a little more. The materials of the kite thus cost about 1 of a cent. Sometimes the paper is printed with a picture of a horse or a yacht, or some other fancy cut. This adds 25 cents a thousand to the cost, but gives a variety for the boys

to choose from. "The paper, cut to the right size, is piled on a table on one side of a girl. The piles of sticks are at her other hand, and a pot of paste and a brush the paper and runs the paste brush around the edge. Then two of the longer sticks are laid on in the form of au X. Across the cross of the X a shorter one is laid. Then the pasted edges of the paper are folded over, inclosing the ends of the sticks. The completed kite is laid away to dry. Cost. of labor, 1-16th of a cent. Cost of the kite, 3-16ths of a cent. Some cost as high as 3-5ths of a cent., but they selt no better than the others. There is a

fair margin of profit all around .- New

The Farmer-Sailors of Cape Cod. An article in the September Century describes "Cape Cod," and says of the inhabitants: "A wood-packet runs regularly from Cotnit to Nantucket. It is quite common for the crews of coasting, is full of suggestions for times like turn to felling wood; in this, as in these, says the Philadelphia Times. Of everything else, is seen a mingling of like points, and the mechanical princi-ples upon which the foot acted dawned fore, and will do it again. The surest mariner knows something of farming. mariner knows something of farming, way to hasten young lovers into mat-ri see, I see!" he exclaimed. "When way to hasten young lovers into mat-rimony is to oppose their designs. Often sailor. They tell of an action against enough lovers tire of each other, or find out that they are not as absolutely de- highway, in which the distance of a certain hole in the road from the travif left to themselves. But try to chain | eled path was in question. A town officer had fixed the distance by actual measurement, and the only evidence went. And is it not something to en- for the plaintiff was that of a man who courage rather than discourage? That simply gave his judgment. Nobody could guess how the plaintiff's counsel would get around the evidence of the town officer. But he was undaunted. 'Gentlemen of the jury,' he said, 'both witnesses are honest; one of them is mistaken—which is it? You all know how liable we are, in ciphering or in measuring, to make a mistake of calculation; my good friend, the selectman, probably laid down his foot-rule one time more or less than he thought, and gentlemen, did not put his trust on any foot rule; he knew better. As you all know, he has cut more cord-wood than any other man in Barnstable county. existence. Young people will fall in and he can measure by his eye infalli-love. The desires of nature are not bly. About his accuracy, therefore, out afresh and laughed immoderately. subject to parental control. Of course, there can be no possible question. The Harry looked up at last, muttering they can be educated, but to far less selectman may be wrong; my witness

> A Negro Changing Color. A very intelligent and well-dressed colored man created a sensation on the street recently. He hails from Logan county, where he has been residing for twenty years. His parents were both fullblooded Africans, and he himself was once as black as a crow, as he expressed himself to us. But now he has a beautiful white epidermis all over his body, except his face, which has a mottled appearance, being yet full of the small black spots surrounded by a white skin. This discoloration or shedding of the black skin has been going on for many years, and before long the man expects to be as white as any Caucasian. His hair, however, remains full African. He turned up the sleeves of Mrs. Parvenu had recently furnished his shirt and showed us as delicately white an arm, with the blue veins un derneath, as any Caucasian can show. -Fort Smith New Era.

How Vauilla Ice Cream Became Strawberry. At a certain watering place some years ago a colored assistant was making the ice cream, and cut his finger which dripped about it. The order had answered that the Englishman had gone. I laughed at him, for I thought the stranger probably admired Giulia's beauty, and Giovanni's jealousy was beauty, and Giovanni's jealousy was the whole business. I did not see Giulia producing a good crop.

Issue see went. Oh, yes, well enough; but, you see, at so many of the houses where she must call she has nate man. I ain't had no work at my trade since last winter." "Poor man! what is your trade since last winter." "Poor man! what is your trade?" "Shovellin' snow, makes her so tired."

Issue went. Oh, yes, well enough; but, you see, at so many of the houses where she must call she has to walk over the seams in the carpets, and it hurts the poor dear's feet and the whole business. I did not see Giulia producing a good crop.